Light Me Up

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by JSinister32

Summary

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> “Come upstairs with me,” he offered, twining the rope of lights between his fingers. “Let’s illuminate something more intimate for a bit.”

OR

A married Hannibal household puts up their Christmas tree. Confessions and softness lead to a very good night.

Notes

Hello, my lovelies.

I went into work today and we had no power. So I wrote this as a mini fic on Twitter, and added smut just for you guys. Advent addition for the holidays.

Love each and every one of you.

Hearts and Body Parts,
-JM

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

He was Christmas morning,
Crimson fireworks and
Birthday wishes.
-Raquel Franco-

"Can you hold these out of my way? I need to get to the back of the tree."

Amused, Hannibal set down his glass of decidedly potent eggnog and took the balled up string of lights from his husband's hands, holding them aloft while the other man worked his way around the back side of their Christmas tree, weaving the brightly colored bulbs of glass into its branches as he went. Instrumental Christmas music played softly in the background as they worked; it took the doctor a moment to recognize the tune as "I'll be Home for Christmas" - a favorite of his, if he was so inclined to choose one.

He watched in quiet fascination as the lights from his hands disappeared, only to reappear on the branches of the tree, illuminating it from the inside out at the whim of the masterful fingers that placed them. Will Graham-Lecter, scourge of the Behavioral Sciences division of the FBI, stood back with a satisfied sigh and wrapped his arm around Hannibal's waist, quietly taking in his work with soft, delighted eyes that reflected the kaleidoscope of brightly colored lights back in his irises. Hannibal regarded him with something close to reverence; he'd never seen the other man so at peace as he was now.

In the years since their association turned into more than appreciative glances and ill-concealed desires, the darkness that had plagued the profiler was slowly replaced by the comfort and support he received in Hannibal's care. While it began with the dedication to heal Will's mind, they'd both slowly come to discover what satisfaction they could achieve together. When Hannibal looked back on all the moments they created together, he knew it was in those first fragile steps towards trust that their love had truly blossomed.

They'd dated for less than three months before Hannibal, eyes glassy with emotion, had proposed. They were married a month later, and remained happier and more at peace than they'd ever been. Their relationship had been forged in flames; the foundation on which they stood was more solid than bedrock and would stand the test of time as a shining example of what real love looked like.

Seeing Will now, hands filled with hooks and colorful glass baubles, carefully threading metal through minuscule holes so he could hang them on the tree, did funny, almost painful things to Hannibal's heart; filled him with a joy that felt impossible to contain.

Will glanced up from his work, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips. Their eyes met; locked - whatever Will saw in Hannibal's gaze made the smile falter. Will carefully set the ornament in his hands onto the table and reached out, gathering a very willing Hannibal into his arms.

"Everything okay, love?"

The term of endearment made Hannibal's heart tighten. He nodded, strangely unable to speak. As usual, Will read him perfectly, as if rifling through the pages of his most beloved book.

"Overwhelming sometimes, isn't it?"

The words were quiet and laced with fondness; Will's fingertips brushed along Hannibal's back until they reached the soft hair at the nape of his neck. The doctor shivered with the patterns he gently traced into his skin; a map that contained all the places Will loved to touch him. Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will's waist and buried his nose into the juncture of the profiler's neck and shoulder, inhaling the sand and citrus scent, letting the wave of calm it brought with it wash through him in a hazy cloud, chasing away all the nervous energy he possessed.

"Mm," he finally replied; a response to Will's rhetorical question or a sound made to vocalize his contentment, he wasn't certain, but Will understood nonetheless. He always understood.

"Being here with you… watching you complete tasks as mundane as placing ornaments onto a tree… they remind me of just how fortunate I have truly become. How blessed I am to have you in my life."

"How lucky we both are," Will corrected quietly, unwilling to disturb the fragile moment of truth between them. "I was nothing before this, you know - before you. You've reminded me what it is to live again. I don't believe I've ever thanked you for it."

Hannibal pulled back to gaze into his husband's eyes, vision going blurry. It took him several moments of surprise to realize he was crying. He brought shaking fingertips to his cheeks, touching the wetness with something akin to awe. *When was it that I was last moved to tears?*

"You've always had the inconvenient advantage of making me sentimental," Hannibal laughed, wiping his tears from his face with the back of his hand. "A trait I would have once considered a weakness."

Will smiled and covered Hannibal's mouth with his own, stealing a soft, lingering, heat-filled kiss.

"You will never be weak, love. And we will never be boring. We make one another extraordinary simply by existing together."

Hannibal pulled him closer and kissed Will's reddened lips; it didn't take much of a push for either of them to give in to the constant desire that ran hot and thick in their very blood. Will wound his hands in Hannibal's unbelievably soft silver and gold hair, tugging a bit to make him gasp. He filled Hannibal's mouth with his tongue, tasting him as if he were an exquisite dessert. They stood in the glow of the lights for several long, honey gold minutes, letting their passion climb with their kisses before Will finally pulled away, chest heaving.

Hannibal reached for him, a groan trapped in his throat. Will grinned and narrowly escaped capture; he darted to the couch and collected the last length of lights, holding them aloft with

a wicked glint in his so-blue eyes.

“Come upstairs with me,” he offered, twining the rope of lights between his fingers. “Let’s illuminate something more intimate for a bit.”

Hannibal didn’t have to be told twice. Will barely made it through their bedroom door before he was pressed to its surface, Hannibal pinning his wrists together above his head with one of his own. He pulled the innocuous string of lights from Will’s fingers and wound them around his wrists, only pausing their heated kiss long enough to lead him closer to the bed by the wire.

“A merry Christmas to me, indeed,” he murmured, plugging in the end of the strands to the cord on his nightstand. Will’s smirk was wiped clean when Hannibal divested him of all but the lights and the gaudy red and green sweater he’d donned to decorate, leaving the rest of his alabaster skin on full display to Hannibal’s hungry gaze. He was already hard, the head of his cock flushed as crimson as his sweater and leaving a sticky trail on his abdomen. Hannibal lowered his head and licked the fluid away, his tongue warm and wet against Will’s sensitive skin. Will bit his lip to suppress the moan that already threatened to break free; Hannibal settled himself comfortably between Will’s legs and eyed his erection with a predatory interest that lit Will’s very blood aflame.

“Don’t tease,” he panted. “I’ve wanted you since we got home, love. Please—”

Hannibal silence him with soft lips over the tip of his cock. Will’s head fell back against the pillows; Hannibal gripped the soft skin of his thighs and spread him open, already working his way down to take the profiler into his throat. The tight constriction of Hannibal’s mouth felt impossibly good around him; Will knew there wasn’t a chance of him making it more than a few minutes of Hannibal’s special brand of exquisite torment.

“Please, Hannibal—”

Crimson eyes flashed up to meet his own; Will suddenly understood what Hannibal wanted from him. He blushed furiously, and bit the inside of his cheek, but the words poured forth without explicit permission from his brain.

“Doctor Lecter—”

Hannibal’s gaze darkened; he took another inch of Will into his throat. Will swallowed hard and spread himself impossibly wider; he didn’t hear the click of their bottle of lube, but almost wept with relief at the press of Hannibal’s fingers against the soft skin of his opening. He was still a little loose; they’d made love just the night before, but Will would never really be rid of his need for the man above him. His desire branded him beneath his skin, down into his very bones. Hannibal’s fingers sank into his body, coaxing him to relax into the stretch.

“Please—”

The word burst forth from his lips before he could stop it. Hannibal glanced upward; whatever he saw on Will’s face was enough to make him release Will’s cock from his mouth.

“Please…” Will wanted to howl.

Doctor—” Hannibal stood from the bed and slowly removed his clothing, holding Will’s gaze with each parted button. Will’s erection twitched against his thigh - he needed Hannibal inside him. Now. *Fuck—*

“Love—” Hannibal climbed back onto the bed, gloriously naked at last, his skin glowing in the multicolored illumination of the Christmas lights that held Will in place. The profiler eyed Hannibal’s cock as he slicked himself with shaking hands - Hannibal was big enough to ensure he felt it for days each time they did this; long and thick and perfectly made for him. By the time he’d readied himself, Will was all but begging for it.

“Love me,” he whispered, loosely parting his knees. “Be mine, my love. Please. I want to feel you.”

Hannibal braced himself on his elbows and leaned down to silence Will’s pleas. The head of his cock kissed Will’s slick opening; once, twice, before pressing all the way inside in one long, slick push.

Will’s back bowed off the bed as he pulled out, snapping his hips to fill him again.

“Fuck!”

“Such language,” Hannibal chuckled darkly, arranging Will’s legs over his hips. “And so close to Christmas—”

“If you were being fucked by you, you’d be cursing too,” Will moaned. “And I’ve waited patiently all day for this. Make me feel it tomorrow, Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal’s smile melted Will’s heart just a little more.

“With pleasure, darling mine.”

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“I love you so much.”

Hannibal glanced up, startled at the sound of deep, animal contentment in Will’s voice. He’d taken him until Will had begged for it, filled his body to the brim with their growing need until neither man could hold back a moment longer. Will had come in floods between their chests; Hannibal had filled his body with his seed at the sight of ecstasy on Will’s face, unable to hold back a moment longer. They’d required several minutes before Hannibal had summoned the energy to unbind Will from the bed; the small kisses his wrists had been given made his heart glow.

“Will—” Will shook his head.

“I don’t think you fully comprehend how much I care for you. You’re… fuck.” His voice grew thick in his throat. “You’re everything to me.”

Hannibal pulled him beneath the sheets and kissed Will's forehead, breathing in the scent of his sweat where it lingered on his skin.

"You are the flame that guides me, darling," he confessed into Will's curls. "My own Northern Star to bring me safely back home. You said you were nothing before me; I would be less than nothing without you."

Will kissed the center of Hannibal's chest before tilting his face up to meet the doctor's eyes. The softness there sent his heart into free fall.

"I am yours; you are mine," he whispered. "Merry Christmastime, my love." Hannibal pulled him ever closer and let his eyes fall closed at last.

"Merry Christmastime, my darling Will."

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